

STORY TO READ – 10/SEPTEMBER

The Story of Amit Singh – From Cricket Dreams to Happiness

Amit Singh had always believed that cricket was not merely a sport. For him, it was oxygen, the pulse that gave rhythm to his heartbeats, the one pursuit that made sense in an otherwise chaotic world. From the time he was a boy of seven, wielding a plastic bat taller than himself, he would wake up before dawn, tie his laces, and run to the nearest playground. His mother often joked that he had learnt to hold a bat before learning to hold a pen.

Childhood Dreams

His childhood was decorated with memories of dusty grounds, bruised knees, and the smell of sweat mixed with the earthy fragrance of the monsoon.

Every boundary he struck made him feel closer to his idols — Sachin Tendulkar, Rahul Dravid, and later Virat Kohli. He imitated their stance, celebrated like them, and even dreamt of walking into Wankhede Stadium one day, the crowd chanting his name.

But life inside his modest home was a contrast. His father, a stern man who had worked in a factory all his life, viewed cricket as a distraction. “Cricket doesn’t put food on the table,” he would say, his voice cold and pragmatic. For him, success was measured in degrees and government jobs. He carried the scars of poverty and wanted Amit to build a secure, predictable future.

Amit, however, couldn’t imagine a world outside cricket. His friends admired his

shots, his coach praised his technique, and he often won small local tournaments. He was on fire — until reality began to interfere.

The Rift at Home

By the time Amit reached high school, the rift between father and son had deepened. While his classmates spent evenings studying mathematics or chemistry, Amit spent hours practicing cover drives and perfecting his spin bowling. His grades began to slip, and so did his father's patience.

One evening, Amit returned home after practice, sweaty and triumphant, having scored a century in a local match. His smile vanished when he found his father waiting with his report card. The marks were abysmal.

His father exploded. “Do you think life is a joke? You think these runs will feed you? You’ll end up like those boys wasting their life on the streets!”

Amit stayed silent, his hands trembling. He wanted to scream that cricket was his calling, that studies felt like chains suffocating him. But the words refused to come.

Instagram as an Outlet

In this *aloofness* and silence, Instagram became his secret diary. He began posting pictures and videos — of his bruised palms, of an empty ground under floodlights, of diary entries written with tears in the ink. Each caption carried his melancholy, each hashtag was a whisper of rebellion.

“Sometimes the world measures success in marks. I measure it in the sound of a ball hitting the sweet spot of my bat.”

His posts slowly attracted attention. Some classmates encouraged him, strangers left kind comments, and even a few local cricketers messaged him, telling him to hold on. Social media became his refuge, a place where he wasn't judged by marksheets but celebrated for his passion.

But when his father discovered his Instagram obsession, his rage erupted once more. One night, after seeing Amit post a long story about his pain, he stormed into his room, snatched his phone, and slapped him hard.

“You will destroy yourself with this nonsense!” he roared.

The physical pain faded in minutes, but the humiliation burned inside Amit for weeks. He felt *ostracized* in his own house, like a stranger within his family.

Turning Point – Forced into Studies

Gradually, cricket began slipping out of his grip. His father banned him from playing in tournaments, forced him to study long hours, and ensured that he attended tuitions. With each passing month, Amit felt a part of him dying. The bat gathered dust, and the cricket ground seemed like a forbidden land.

Yet, in this period of despair, an *epiphany* occurred. He realized that if not cricket, then at least something around sports could keep his spirit alive. After much thought, he decided to pursue a degree in

Physical Education. It was a compromise, yes, but not a defeat.

Enrolling in the course wasn't easy. He faced ridicule from relatives who considered it an "easy subject" or "a degree for those who can't study." Even among peers, he felt reclusive at times, struggling to justify his choice. But deep inside, he knew that this was his lifeline, a chance to remain tethered to the world of sports.

College Days and Struggles

The degree was not just about running laps or lifting weights. Amit was introduced to anatomy, sports psychology, physiology, biomechanics, and nutrition. At first, he found it overwhelming, but slowly he developed *resilience*. He learned that discipline

wasn't just about practice in the nets but also about understanding the human body and mind.

Still, the sadness lingered. On some nights, he scrolled through old cricket clips of himself, tears rolling down his cheeks. On Instagram, he continued posting, though now the tone changed. Instead of despair alone, his captions spoke of *perseverance* and *fortitude*.

"Dreams don't always come true in the form you want. Sometimes they change clothes, but the heartbeat remains the same."

His words resonated with many. Strangers sent him DMs, telling him his journey gave them strength. For the first time, Amit felt that his pain was not wasted — it was inspiring others.

The Hunt for a Job

After graduation, Amit's next challenge was finding a job. He dreamed of teaching in a reputed school, training children, and shaping future athletes. But the path was brutal. He applied to dozens of schools, only to face rejection after rejection. Some cited lack of experience, others chose candidates with stronger resumes.

Each rejection letter was a dagger. At times, he felt *despondent*, questioning whether he had chosen the right path. His father's old words echoed in his ears, haunting him. But then he reminded himself of the matches he had once fought through, the innings he had once saved under pressure. Life was just another test of his *indomitable* spirit.

Amit doubled down. He improved his fitness, gained coaching certifications,

volunteered in local academies, and even trained underprivileged kids for free. His Instagram now brimmed with posts of him training children, his captions filled with motivation rather than sorrow.

The Breakthrough

Finally, after years of relentless struggle, Amit received a call that would change everything. The prestigious Ambani School was hiring a Physical Education teacher. The process was rigorous — written exams, physical tests, teaching demonstrations, and interviews.

Amit poured every ounce of energy into it. He trained for hours, revised sports science, practiced speaking confidently, and prayed silently each night. The memory of his father's slap, the loneliness of his teenage years, the weight of

rejection — all of it fueled his determination.

Weeks later, the result arrived: **Amit Singh had been selected.**

Victory in a New Form

On his first day at Ambani School, dressed in a crisp tracksuit with a whistle around his neck, Amit stood on the lush green ground. The children looked at him with admiration, awaiting instructions. For a moment, he closed his eyes and inhaled deeply.

This wasn't Wankhede Stadium. The crowd wasn't chanting his name. But in the laughter of the children, in their eagerness to learn, Amit found a victory sweeter than any century he could have scored.

He posted a picture that evening: him standing proudly with the school in the background.

“From broken dreams to new beginnings. From Instagram rants to shaping future champions. This is not failure. This is fortitude. This is life.”

Reflection

Amit Singh’s story became more than just about cricket. It was about a boy who felt lost, who was forced to let go of his dearest dream, who sank into sadness but refused to drown. Through *resilience, perseverance, fortitude*, and an *indomitable* will, he carved a new destiny.

And though he never played for India, he became the man who might one day train the boy who would.
